

Article on Denzel Turner

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This is the article that went with the old car pictures. A LITTLE
AUTOSUGGESTION Mrs. Wants New Car - Mr. Likes Old By Grace Grether
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Some people might think this story doesn't belong on the woman's page. But it does. Every woman will know exactly how Mrs. Turner feels, Not because her husband collects antique cars as does Mr. Turner - but because if he doesn't he's certain to be messing up the living room with rods, reels, bait, and fish lines. Or mucking up the basement with lathes, buzzers, automatic saws and black grease. Or scattering drawing paper all over the dining table and floor - if he isn't building lopsided kitchen shelves and getting sawdust into the chicken stew.

Five Cars Too Few

There are four or five cars standing around the Denzel Turner home in Lehi. But Mrs. Turner wants another. A brand new 1948 model. Fussy, you say? That's what her husband comments with honest surprise. It is nothing to him that the new Ford model just made its 1948 debut - that all summer long a procession of other new cars with or without Swiss movement, new fangled rear engines and maybe an instantaneous coffee and waffle iron attachment for touring vacationists is due to appear. He Loves 'em

Mr. Turner touches his horseless bronco, the bucking Ford, vintage 1896, with the tender pat usually given a pet horse. If he wears a hat he takes it off when he nears his 1897 Buick, one of the first made, a once red job now with no floorboards and the machinery buzzing right under your feet. He's still looking for

an authentic sidelight - the three screw holes on the side are right there. It stood around on B Y U campus for years before he rescued it. When the machine hits 35, which it still does, nervous riders keep their feet in the air.

The Buick people have offered him \$3000 for it but he brushed it off. On Sunday Afternoon "They wanted to put it in a glass case," he explains with some indignation. It is as though someone threatened to cage a child. With five cars Mrs. Turner refuses to drive an inch. She might change her mind if she gets that new model. "But she does get a kick when the whole family packs into the 1905 Tourist model and takes off for a Sunday ride," declares Mr. Turner emphatically. "All of us have fun with everybody staring at us and asking questions 15 to the hour at stops."

There were dozens of car models when the horseless carriages first came out compared with the few models of this day. Mr. Turner's Tourist, a Buick make, is top heavy, rather dangerous in a strong wind with its small base and spreading open top. They go down the pike with the five youngsters still at home spilling out in all directions. It is a two-cylinder with engine beneath the crank box on a side and 2 1/2 inch tires. Finding tires for his varied collection is a perpetual treasure hunt but up to date has been successful. Souvenir Collectors "I have to keep an eye on my cars, "

Mr. Turner says. "Passerby try to whittle off bits for souvenirs." His most modern model is a 1924 open top Studebaker sedan with all visible parts of its engine painted the same color as the outside. It has leather upholstery which he admires, but the machine does not entangle his affections as do his "cripples."

"There weren't any cars when I was a kid," he says. "My dad bought one when I was in my teens, second hand, a model T. I took the engine apart with a block and tackle and then we had to hire someone to put it together again. I've been taking cars apart ever since . . ." he chuckled. The bucking Ford, topless, bucks. The kids love it.

Lehi Is Home

"Den" has lived in Lehi since he was four. Isetta, his wife, was born there. He has had his own service station since 1941, which is just as well, considering his stable of antique cars. No women collector of Pilgrim furniture was ever more keen on the search than himself.

Greatest fans for dad's collection are the children - Shirley Anne, 16; Buddy, 13; Mary Jane, 10; Susan five and David three. Bessie, 18, is now Mrs. Richard James Sorenson of Redmond, while the oldest daughter, 22, is Mrs. Paul E. (Mason of American Fork.

He Dreams

Mr. Turner leans over his fence-enclosed motor collection and dreams perhaps of eventually snaring a swell 1901 Packard with the back seat higher than the front; it was the first car ever to be arrested for speeding at a terrific 40 miles per hour. Or maybe one of the first White Steamer Stanhopes, 1900, one of which now stands in the Smithsonian, Washington, D. C. Inside the front screen door Mrs. Turner eyes him. And sighs. Those new models dance before her. If men weren't so queer! (you can tell it wasn't a dirty word then) And keeps on crocheting. Note: Margaret June Turner 22. is the child married to Paul Mason.